What He Did With It

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drew over them the leathern hammer-cloth, and started back to find, if possible a flanking way of retreat.

But now the very heavens seemed on fire; detached clouds and jets of flame, darting downward, fastened upon roof after roof; and, before Archie could reach a certain fixed upon street, the one that he now drove on was a continuous line of fire, but, providentially, only as yet on its west side.

Closely hugging the east side curb, and nearly stifled by smoke and heat, driver and horse went bravely on until they had come within half a block of the wished-for avenue. Then the surging flames leaped across their path, and caught a row of frame structures they were just passing.

"On, Rollo, on!" cheerily shouted Archie, as he bent his head before the scorching blast and drew the protecting leather still closer over his precious charges.

The gallant mustang responded nobly, and in a few more bounds had cleared this new danger. Then, slackening his speed, he turned the corner safely, settled down to a steady trot, and in half an hour arrived at Mr. Campbell's residence, which lay far outside the burnt district.

Not wholly scatheless had the pair escaped; the boy's face and hands were blistered and his overcoat ruined; the pony's long, flowing mane was twisted and curled by the intense heat, while the paint and varnish of the new buggy were disfigured by unsightly blotches.

The saved children, however, had received no further harm; and, after Mrs. Campbell had tenderly bathed and re-clothed them, and given the little things a nice breakfast, they looked a very pretty and interesting pair.

The elder of the two seemed an unusually intelligent child, and, although certainly no more than four years of age, lisped out her pathetic little story with wonderful clearness.

"My name's Bessie," said she, "and baby's is Fanny.—We lived way up stairs in a big house, with lots of other people. Last night, father and mother took us out of bed, and put our clothes on very quick, and carried us down to the street, where everybody was running about and crying. Then we could see that our house was on fire, high up on the top.

"Father and mother told us to stand still on the sidewalk for a minute, and then they both ran up stairs to bring down things, and we didn't ever see them any more, 'cause our house tumbled all down pretty soon, and it got so hot that we had to run away.

"We cried dreadful loud. But nobody minded us a single bit; so we walked away from the fire as fast as we could, till we got awful tired. Then we went into a house, where no people lived, and fell fast asleep on the floor.

"Something waked us up this morning, and when we came out of the house the big fire had caught up to us, and, if this good boy hadn't found us, we'd have been burned to death, like poor father and mother."

"What was your father's name, Bessie?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

"Just only father, but some people did call him James," replied the artless child.

And no amount of questioning could elicit the surname of her parents, which the innocent little one evidently did not know.

For months and months Mrs. Campbell conscientiously advertised the waifs. But no one ever claimed them, and at last he and his wife joyfully adopted them as their own, much to the content of all parties, and to especial delight of Archie, who now had not only a long wished for sister, but two of them.

For years after the great fire, Rollo's proud duty was to draw the three children over the city streets and country roads, but in all their wanderings Bessie was never able to identify the spot on which had once stood the old tenement house occupied by her ill-fated parents.

Under the loving care of their foster mother, both girls grew into beautiful and accomplished women, the joy and solace of their kind protectors' declining years, and the pride of that chivalrous brother whom they had long since come to regard as their very own.

The Story of a Bell

IN THE north of Germany there is a quaint little town called Grossiaswitz, in the church tower of which hangs a bell with a history. On the bell there is a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of corn, with the date, October 15, 1729, and this is the story which it tells:

At the beginning of the last century the only bell of which the town could boast was so small that its tones could not be heard in all the houses. Another bell was badly needed, but where was the money to come from? The townspeople were poor, and, although they offered to give what they could, their united subscriptions did not amount to nearly enough for the purpose.

One Sunday, as the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hayn, was walking to church, he saw growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which had doubtless been dropped by a passing bird. The thought came to him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of obtaining the bell which was wanted so much. So he watched the green stalk day by day, and, when autumn came and it was ripe, he plucked the six ears on it and sowed the seeds in his own garden.

The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again. Soon he had ont room in his garden to raise a crop, and he divided the corn among some farmers in the neighborhood. They kept on planting it, until, in the eighth year, the crop was so large that, when it was put together and sold, the townspeople found that there was enough money to buy a beautiful bell.

So the bell was placed in the tower, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it, and a cast of the corn stalk to which it owed its existence.

The National Museum

WASHINGTON is growing so very fast, in its efforts to keep pace with the growth of the government, that many visitors in their endeavor to see all the sights do not see half. But it is safe to say that very few miss the National Museum, which is an institution unlike anything else in the world.

It is not a library like the British Museum, and it does not exhibit freaks, like the ordinary museum, and it might be called a curio hall. In Indian antiquities and ancient American relics it surpasses any other museum, and in the line of jewels and precious bric-a-brac it is as rich as the Sultan's treasury.

Stored away in the National Museum are bushels of gold, quarts of precious stones, handfuls of beautiful pearls, and china and cut glass worth their weight in gold. It takes four large cases to contain the uncut gems alone, and three cases are filled with the cut stones. Many of them come from America, some are from India, and several have strange histories connected with them.

The United States is the only nation which does not allow its officers to accept presents from foreign nations or rulers, and that accounts for many of the exhibits in the museum.

The most precious, perhaps, is the collection of jewels which the Sultan of Muscat, in Arabia, gave to President Van Buren, comprising two large pearls as big as pigeons' eggs, one hundred and fifty small pearls, and one hundred and thirty diamonds.

There is a cat's-eye ring from Siam, another from Ceylon, another from Bavaria, and a native Indian necklace made of cat's-eye beads; one of the most beautiful cat's eyes came from Rhode Island, and this emphasizes a point which few people know—that so many precious stones are indigenous to this country.

In the cases are turquoises, beryls, amethysts, garnets, pearls and emeralds—all found on our own soil, and equal to anything imported.

Models of all the great diamonds of the world are here, and there are emeralds from New Mexico and from South America. Four long bottle-green Brazilian emeralds, of two carats each, are very fine, and another, which Professor Dana bought in Peru, is more than an inch long.

There are topazes from Siberia, sapphires from North Carolina, and garnets from Bohemia, Ceylon, South Africa and New Mexico. New Mexico furnishes the finest garnets in the world in point of color, and it seems to be the precious-stone region of the United States.

A curious stone exhibited has just been received from Siberia. It is a bowl of fruit made of precious stones, carved out so naturally that one would mistake them for the original. There are red raspberries and luscious black cherries, strawberries and currants, resting on leaves of green serpentine, which are extremely natural.

The most valuable of the jewels, however, are those which are set in the swords, guns and canes presented to our great men, to say nothing of the workmanship. These jewels are so valuable that a guard is detailed to watch them day and night, and each case has a burglar alarm connected with it.

The Grant collection alone is worth a princely fortune. It comprises a collection of gold and silver coins from Japan, of which the only other set is in the Japanese treasury; elephant tusks from Siam, numbers of diamond-hilted swords and medals as big around as a teacup, some containing $600 worth of gold.

Numerous cities gave General Grant boxes containing the paper in which the "freedom of the city" was presented to him. Ayr, Scotland, gave one as big as a cigar box of solid gold, Glasgow a still larger one, and the London box is a marvel in size and artistic workmanship. These are only a few of the hundreds of gifts he received and which are now in the museum.

There are dozens of swords here, all extremely valuable and all relics of soldiers, sailors and statesmen. The star which the Sultan of Turkey gave to Mrs. S. S. Cox is also here. It is as large around as a silver dollar and sparkles with hundreds of diamonds. The wife of Minister Strauss was presented with a similar star of the order of Shefekat, and it will go into the museum some day.

Then there are a number of fine dresses in the National Museum, and a cloak that is valued at a million dollars, and casts into the shade all the other cloaks in the world.

It comes from the Sandwich Islands, and it is made up of red and yellow feathers so fastened together that they overlap each other and form a smooth surface.

These feathers shine like the finest of floss silk, and the red feathers are far prettier than the yellow ones. It is the yellow feathers, however, that are expensive. They are about an inch long, and are worth, in the country in which they are found, fifty cents apiece. They were in times past received for taxes by the Hawaiian kings.

They are taken from a little bird known as the uho, which is very rare and very shy, and very difficult to capture. Each bird has two of these yellow feathers under his wing, and the birds are caught in traps and the feathers are pulled out and they are then freed.

There is a letter in the museum from the prince of the Sandwich Islands, who states that it took more than a hundred years to make this cloak, and the authorities of the museum say that according to the Sandwich Islands estimate it is worth more than the finest diamonds in the English regalia.

This cloak belonged to a chief of the Sandwich Islands, who rebelled when slavery was abolished there in 1819. He owned this cloak, and, when he was killed in battle, it came into the hands of the king, who gave it to Commodore Aulick in 1841. It still belongs to the commodore's grandchildren, but it is deposited in the museum for exhibition.

In another quarter of the museum is an exhibit of gold in the rough—great lumps of quartz, little nuggets the size of a pea, and big ones as large as your fist. They are not very interesting to the general visitors, because their value is not at once apparent, but they are very valuable and extremely interesting as showing our natural resources.

A Mining Camp in Greenland

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EVERY year in the month of April there can be seen, going out from ports along the Atlantic coast, a fleet of vessels bound for a point in the lee of Cape Desolation on the southeast coast of Greenland.

They are staunch ships, with the best of canvas and the strongest of masts, and hulls built solid at the bows and armored there with steel plates.

The voyage which lies before them is an arduous one. Masses of field ice, hundreds of miles in extent, must be pushed through, and when there are gales from the south and heavy fogs the battle is a terrible one.

Sometimes a ship will come back after having vainly tried to force a passage through this icy barrier, its crew worn out and half starved; and then again a ship sails away to the far North and is never again heard of.

These voyages are made to carry back to Philadelphia the product of the cryolite mine in Greenland—the only mine of the kind in the world.

Cryolite is a mineral which few people ever heard of, but it has many uses. From it there are made alum, sal-soda and bicarbonate of soda; and it is also used in the production of aluminum, the mineral being really the cloride of sodium and aluminum.

It was discovered in rather a strange way. In 1883, a German prospector, named Glesecke, went to Greenland, landing at Cape Farewell. He lived with the Eskimos, and traveled up the rugged coast with them as far as the Arsuki fiord.

A native who lived there told him that a few miles miles away there was a curious stone, which his people called the "ice-that-never-melts."

Glesecke went to the place, and found at the water's edge a cropping of soft white rock, that when wet looked exactly like wet, snow-mixed ice. He could form no idea as to what it was, but carried away samples with him.

He returned home on a Danish ship, which was boarded on the way by a British cruiser. The cargo was seized, and Glesecke lost his samples.

English chemists analyzed the stone, and called it cryolite, which means ice-stone, but they never seem to have thought that it could be put to practical use.

In 1860, however, a Danish vessel brought some specimens of the stone to Copenhagen. They were analyzed by Professor J. Thomsen, and experiments made by him demonstrated the fact that many useful substances could be obtained from cryolite.

A company was formed to work the mine, and men and materials were sent to Greenland, so that the stone could be dug out and shipped to Copenhagen.

The settlement of Ivigut was then formed, and work was begun. Wooden houses were built to live in, with double doors, double floors and double windows, and fitted up with the best of coal-burning stoves. The coal, which was brought from Denmark, was stored in huge bins close by, and places to hold other supplies sufficient for three years were built and filled.

The cryolite deposit was found to be covered over with gray granite. When this was removed, there was disclosed a mass of the mineral, pure white, two hundred feet wide and six hundred feet long. This was found to be the top of a pocket that plunged down into the mountain which rose there.

The working of the deposit did not pay, and in 1864 the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company contracted to take two thirds of all which the mine could produce. Since then, the owners of the mine have reaped a good return from ther investment, besides paying a royalty to the Danish government.

The deposit is worked just as a stone quarry is. There has now been dug out an open hole, four hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred feet wide and one hundred feet deep.

In summer the miners blast up the bottom and cut down the sides of the hole; the blocks of stone are broken up, and the carbonate of iron with which the mineral is mixed is separated from it. The whole is then hauled up an incline railroad operated by steam, the refuse being used in making and extending the dock at which the ships are loaded.

The community consists of 130 men and three women in summer, and sixty men in winter. The three women are the wife of the superintendent, her maid, and Maria, a jolly old Eskimo, who is employed as a servant.

The steamer Fox, which made the search for Sir John Franklin, and threw the first light on the fate of his expedition, makes two and sometimes three trips each summer from Copenhagen to the camp with supplies. The ships which go from American ports often take vegetables and canned goods.

The men have an abundance of cured meats, bread and coffee to live on; ducks swarm about the fiord; the mountains are the home of ptarmigan and rabbits, and the finest trout and salmon are to be had for the taking.

There are other interesting features near the mine—a lofty mountain, a great glacier, and the ruins of the homes of the European people who settled there nine centuries ago. If it were not for the masses of field ice which have to be encountered, a summer voyage to Ivigut would be one full of novelty and adventure.

Tommy—"What's the matter with your eye, Jimmy?"

Jimmy—"I looked to see why my cannon didn't go off yesterday."

Jet, the Heroine

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furious below; the light and shade, all blended into a picturesque whole; and in the foreground the group of trembling, white-faced girls; the boat, with its helpless passenger, and the girl kneeling on the narrow footway, where one misstep would send her to certain death—her slender strength all that stood between the child and a fearful doom.

We could hear her calling to Vernie as cheerily as though safe at home, though even from where I stood I could see her face was white as marble.

The bow of the boat was almost under the footway.

"Stand up!" Jet cried.

And, as Vernie rose unsteadily, she reached down, grasped and held him firmly by the wrists, while, in the same second, the boat went on and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

But the danger was far from over yet. Perhaps Jet's strength would not hold out, or Vernie's weight might drag her down, too.

"We must go and help her," I said; "she can't lift him up!" and was starting to try to go to her, but just then a man came running down the hill, and in a moment was making his way out on the planks to them.

At the same instant, a boat, containing father, Uncle Frank and one or two others, came shooting down as far as strong arms could send it.

By the time they reached us the man had lifted Vernie up and brought both him and Jet safely to us.

"That was the coolest thing I ever saw done," he declared, as he delivered Vernie into his father's arms. "How came you to think of it, girl?"

"I—I don't know," replied Jet, weakly. "I saw it in my mind. But, oh, if the bridge had been two inches higher, I couldn't have reached him!"

There was no more picnic for us that day. As soon as the boys came, we started home.

Father told us how they had missed Vernie, who had stoutly rebelled at being left at home that morning, and had finally traced him to the river.

Finding the Meteor, which for some reason had not been put in the boat-house that day, was missing, they were afraid it had in some way got loose and floated off with him. So, leaving others to search around home, they started in pursuit of the runaway skiff.

"But we should have been too late had it not been for your quick thought and bravery, my dear child," he finished, laying his hand on Jet's head.

Poor Jet! She was faint and weak from the awful strain, both physical and mental, that she had endured, and crouched in the bottom of the boat, with her head in my lap, all the way home.

You can imagine our reception when we reached home, especially if any one dear to you has ever been given back from the very jaws of death.

"I shall adopt that girl as my own daughter," announced Aunt Cornelia that evening. "Her voice is lovely, and she shall have the best musical education money can buy."

But from this plan—the first part of it, at least—Jet recoiled in terror, and begged so hard to be allowed to stay with us that aunt and uncle finally gave up that part of the plan, though we should not have let her go anyway; I am sure; but they have insisted upon the educational part of it.

Vernie is a big boy now. He still thinks there is no one like Jet, and we all share his opinion.

Perhaps some day you will see her. If you go to a concert, and a young lady with a merry, winsome face and great dark eyes comes and sings in a voice that makes you forget yourself and everything else except its own pure sweetness, you may know that it is our Jet.

Shells of Land and Ocean

SHELL life is probably the oldest form of animal life upon the globe. Its study is an interesting one, and even people who are not of a scientific turn of mind find pleasure in looking on the exquisite coloring and delicate beauty of many varieties of shells and on their wonderful mechanism.

There is nothing which more delights children than to wander along the seashore and gather the little shells which have been washed on the beach by the restless waves. And then, too, when some large specimen is found, with what eagerness the finder, whether young or old, will apply it to his or her ear and hear from within its murmurings, whereby, in the words of the poet, it expresses "mysterious union with its native sea."

In the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, there is a collection of fifty thousand shells, many of them of a huge size, others strangely formed, and some of iridescent colors which rival the hues of sunset.

In examining these, there come to mind many fables and traditions about shells. There is the conch shell, which was made into a horn and blown by old Triton and the attendants of Neptune. Then there is the nautilus, of which Pope says:

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."

Many years ago, a Dutch naturalist went to the Indian seas to study shells. When he came back he told the story that the nautilus sailed in troops over the sea, and were able, when they wished, to fill themselves with water and sink to the bottom.

This, it has been found, is not true. The nautilus commonly inhabits the bottom of the sea, where it creeps about, by means of a large muscular disc with which the head is furnished, and it rarely rises to the surface, or is seen floating there. The interior of the shell is divided into chambers, connected by a little tube, which affords air. The shell has most exquisite coloring, from pearly white to varied motley.